

The following was first published in 1448 and reprinted in 1641:

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly,
In the twinkling of an eye.

Waters shall yet more wonder do,
How strange, but yet, it shall be true,
The world upside down shall be,
And shall be found at the root of a tree.

Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse or ass beat his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, and shall talk.

In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green,
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.

Gold shall be found and shown,
In land that is not now known,
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew,
The world to an end shall come in 1881.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARQUETTE

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Nearly three hundred and fifty years ago, in April 1541, DeSoto, in his adventurous march, discovered the majestic Mississippi, not far from the southern border of the State of Tennessee. No white man's eye had ever before beheld that flood, whose banks are now inhabited by busy millions. The Indians informed him that all the region below consisted of dismal, endless, uninhabitable swamps. DeSoto, world-weary and woe-stricken, died upon the banks of the river, and in its fathomless depths his body found burial.

These cruel adventurers, insanely impelled in search of mines of gold, founded no settlements, and left behind them no traces of their passage, save that by their cruelties they had excited the implacable ire of the Indians against the white man. A hundred years of earth's many griefs lingered slowly away, while these vast solitudes were peopled only by wandering Indian tribes whose record must forever remain unknown.

In the year 1641, some French envoys from Canada, seeking to open friendly trade with the Indians for the purchase of furs, penetrated the northwest of our country as far as the Falls of St. Mary, near the outlet of Lake Superior. The most friendly relations existed between these Frenchmen and the Indians, wherever the tribes were encountered. This visit led to no settlement. The adventurous traders purchased many furs, with which they loaded their birch canoes; established friendly relations with these distant Indians, and greatly extended the region from which furs were brought to their trading posts in Canada.

Twenty more years passed away, over the silent and gloomy wilderness, when, in 1659, a little band of these brave and hardy explorers, in their frail canoes, with Indian guides, paddled along the lonely, forest-fringed shores of Lake Ontario, ascended the Niagara river to the Falls, carried their canoes on their shoulders around the rapids, launched them again on Lake Erie, traversed that inland sea over two hundred and fifty miles, entered the magnificent strait, passed through it to Lake St. Clair, passed that lake, ascended the St. Clair river to Lake Huron, and traversing its whole length, a distance of three hundred miles, reached the Falls of St. Mary.

Here, at the distance of more than a thousand miles from the least vestiges of civilization, and surrounded by numerous and powerful bands of savages, these hardy men passed an inclement winter. Amidst rocks and gloomy pines they reared their hut. Game was abundant, fuel was at their door, the Indians were hospitable, they wanted for nothing. One event only darkened these wintry months. The leader of the band became lost in the woods and perished.

In the spring the men returned rejoicing to Canada, with their canoes laden with the richest furs. They also brought such reports of the docility and amiability of the Indians as to inspire the Christians in Canada with the intense desire to establish missionary stations among them. Five years passed away, when Father Claude Allouez, with a small band of Christian heroes, penetrated these wilds to proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel. Two years after, he was followed by Father James Marquette, a noble man, whose name will never die.

Marquette established a mission about forty miles below the Falls of St. Mary, at a point on the mainland, which he named St. Ignatius, just north of the Island of Mackinaw. Here he gathered a little band of loving disciples. His gentle and devoted spirit won, not merely the friendship of the Indians, but their ardent affection. He was just as safe among them as the most beloved father surrounded by his children. Three years this good man remained in these lonely wilds, peacefully and successfully teaching these benighted children of the forest salvation through an atoning Savior. During all this time his mind had been much exercised with the thought of exploring the limitless and unknown regions south and west.

He had heard rumors of the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, and his devout mind peopled the vast realms through which it flowed with the lost children of God, whom he perhaps might reclaim through the gospel of Jesus, who had come from heaven for their redemption. The Governor of Canada was desirous, for more worldly reasons, of exploring these regions, where future empires might be reared.

In the spring of 1673, the Governor of Canada sent M. Joliet, a gentleman of Quebec, with five boatmen, to Point St. Ignatius, to take Marquette and set out in search of that much-talked-of riv-

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

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er. On the 13th of May this little band of seven men, in two birch canoes, commenced their adventurous voyage. They took with them some Indian corn and jerked meat, but were to live mainly upon such food as they could obtain by the way.

On the northwest of Lake Michigan there is a sheet of water running south called Green Bay. It is one hundred miles long by twenty or thirty broad. The boatmen paddled their frail canoes along the western border of this lake until they reached its southern extremity, where they found a shallow river flowing into it from the south, which they called Fox river. They could propel their canoes about thirty miles a day. Each night they selected some propitious spot for their encampment. Upon some dry and grassy mound they could speedily with their axes construct a hut which would protect them from the weather. Carefully smoothing down the floor, they spread over it their ample couch of furs. Fish could be taken in abundance. The forest was filled with game. An immense fire blazing before the open side of the hut gave warmth and illumined the sublime scene with almost the brilliance of noon-day. Here they joyously cooked their suppers, with appetites which rendered the fast more luxurious to them probably than any gourmand at Delmonico's ever enjoyed.

Each night Father Marquette held a religious service, which all reverently attended. Prayers were offered, and their hymns of Christian devotion floated sweetly through those sublime solitudes. The boatmen were men of a gentle race, who had been taught from infancy to revere the exercises of the church.

They came upon several Indian villages. But the natives were friendly as brothers. Many of them had visited the station at St. Ignatius, and all of them had heard of Father Marquette and his labors of love. These children of the forest begged their reverend friend to desist from his enterprise.

"There are," they said, "on the great river bad Indians who will cut off your heads without any cause. There are fierce warriors who will try to seize you and make you slaves. There are enormous birds, whose wings darken the air, and who can swallow you all with your canoes at a mouthful. And worst of all, there is a malignant demon there, who, if you escape all other dangers, will cause the waters to boil and whirl around you and destroy you."

To all this the good Marquette replied, "I thank you, dear friends, for your kind advice, but I cannot follow it. There are souls to save, for whom the Son of God came to earth and died. Their salvation is at stake. I would joyfully lay down my life if I could guide them to the Savior."

They found the navigation of Fox river impeded with many rapids. To surmount these it was necessary often to alight from their canoes, and, wading over the rough and sharp stones, to drag them up against the swift current. They were within the limits of the present State of Wisconsin, and found themselves in a region of lakes, sluggish streams and marshes. But there were Indian trails, which had been trodden for uncounted generations, leading West. These they followed, often painfully carrying their canoes and their burdens on their shoulders, for many miles, from water to water, over what the Indians called the *Carrying Places*.

At length they entered a region of remarkable luxuriance, fertility and beauty. There were crystal streams and charming lakes. Magnificent forests were interspersed with broad and green prairies. God seemed to have formed in these remote realms an Eden of surpassing loveliness for the abode of his children. Three tribes, in perfect harmony, occupied the region—the Miamis, Mascoutins, and Kickapoos. There was a large village with abundant corn-fields around. River and lake, forest and prairie were alike alive with game.

To their surprise they found that a French missionary, Father Allouez, had reached this distant spot, preaching the gospel eight years before. The Indians had received him with fraternal kindness. He had left in the center of the village a cross, the emblem of the crucified Son of God.

"I found," Marquette writes, "that these good people had swung skins and belts and bows and arrows on the cross, an offering to the Great Spirit, to thank him because he had taken pity on them during the winter and given them an abundant chase."

No white man had ever penetrated beyond this region. These simple, inoffensive people seemed greatly surprised that seven unarmed men should venture to press on to meet the unknown dangers of the wilderness beyond—wilds which their imaginations had peopled with all conceivable terrors.

On the 10th of June these heroic men resumed their journey. The kind Indians furnished them with two guides to lead them through the intricacies of the forest to a river, about ten miles distant, which they called Wisconsin, and which they said flowed westward into the Father of Waters. They soon reached this stream. The Indians helped them to carry their canoes and

effects across the portage. "We were then left," writes Marquette, "alone in that unknown country in the hand of God."

Our voyagers found the stream hard to navigate. It was full of sandbars and shallows. There were many islands covered with the richest verdure. At times they came upon landscapes of enchanting beauty, with lawns and parks and lakes, as if arranged by the most careful hands of art. Down this stream they floated, day after day, encamping upon its banks at night, until on the 19th of June, "with a joy that I cannot express," they entered the broad, deep, rapid current of the majestic Mississippi.

Easily they could be swept down by the rapid current into the sublime unexplored solitudes below. But to paddle back against the swift rolling tide would try the muscles of the hardest men. Still the voyagers pressed on. It was indeed a fairy scene here now opened before them. Here bold bluffs, hundreds of feet high, jutting into the river. Here were crags of stupendous size and of every variety of form, often reminding one of Europe's most picturesque streams, where

"The castled crags of Drachenfels,
Frown o'er the wide and winding Rhine."

Again the prairie would spread out its ocean-like expanse, embellished with groves, garlanded with flowers of gorgeous colors, waving in the summer breeze, checkered with sunshine and the shade of passing clouds, with roving herds of the stately buffalo, and the graceful antelope. And again the gloomy forest would appear, extending over countless leagues, where bears, wolves, and panthers found a congenial home.

Having descended the river nearly two hundred miles they came to an Indian trail, leading back into the country. It was so well trodden as to give evidence that a powerful tribe was near. It speaks well for the Indians—for the reputation which they then enjoyed—that Marquette, with his French companion, M. Joliet, far away in the wilderness, seven hundred miles from any spot which a white man's foot had ever before trod, should not have hesitated alone to enter this trail in search of the habitations of this unknown tribe. They left all their companions, with the canoes, on the bank of the river.

For six miles they followed the narrow track, when they came in sight of a large Indian village. It was on an open plain, so that the Indians saw them approaching when at quite a distance. They knew, of course, that two strangers, unarmed, could not be advancing with any hostile intent. Four of the patriarchs of the village immediately came forward, bearing a pipe of peace, which was highly ornamented with brilliantly colored plumes. As these chiefs drew near they saw to their surprise and delight, that the strangers were pale faces. Though none of them had ever before seen a white man, the knowledge of his arrival had spread through all the tribes. The French had pursued such a course of justice and friendliness with the Indians that wherever they went they were hospitably received.

One of these gentlemen of the barbarian school, as he led the guests into his cabin, said, "How beautiful is the sun, Frenchman, when it shines upon you, as you come to visit us. Our whole village greets you with a welcome. You shall find a home in all our dwellings."

The strangers were entertained with the utmost hospitality. As they were about to take their leave, a venerable chief approached Marquette and suspended, by a cord, a richly decorated pipe about his neck and said:

"This is the sacred calumet. It signifies that wherever you bear it you are the messengers of peace. All our tribes will respect it, and will protect you from every harm."

We cannot record this friendly reception without emotion. How beautiful is peace! How different would the history of this world have been but for man's inhumanity to man. On reaching their boats the little band of voyagers continued their journeying down the lonely and silent river. They floated beyond the mouths of the turbid Missouri and the beautiful Ohio. Carefully they observed these important points, but they made no attempt to explore either of these streams. The Ohio was then, and for some years after, called the Wabash.

Still they floated on, several hundred miles further, until they reached the mouth of the Arkansas. Here again they found a large Indian village. They were received by the natives with the same hospitality which had marked their intercourse with the Indians during the whole of their route.

They now turned back and laboriously re-ascended the majestic Mississippi, slowly forcing their way against the swift current. Their upward voyage was commenced the 17th of July, 1673.

Instead of continuing their upward course to the Wisconsin river, they entered the Illinois river, and again reached Green Bay by way of Lake Michigan. They had been about two

months upon this voyage. During this time the devoted missionary had lost no opportunity of proclaiming to the Indians the Christian's God, and the way of salvation through faith in an atoning Savior.

Even then Marquette had no conception of the true grandeur of that valley he had entered, extending from the Alleghany ridges to the Rocky Mountains. Still, when the tidings of his wonderful discoveries reached Quebec, the exciting intelligence was received with the ringing of bells, with salvos of artillery, and most prominent and important of all, by nearly the whole population, led by the clergy and other dignitaries of the place, going in procession to the cathedral where a *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving to God.

In Marquette's account of this voyage he writes, "Nowhere did we see such grounds, meadows, woods, stags, buffaloes, deer, wild cats, bustards, swans, ducks, paroquets and even beavers, as on the Illinois river."

By the earnest request of the Illinois Indians Marquette returned to them and continued with them, revered and beloved, preaching the gospel for two years. On the 18th of May, 1675, as he was ascending Lake Michigan, with his boatmen, he proposed landing, at the mouth of a small stream, for the celebration of mass. He left his men in the canoe, while he went a short distance into the solitude of the forest to pray. As some time passed and he did not return, they called to mind that he had said, before he left them, that he felt the hour of his death was near at hand. They went to seek him. He was lying upon a green mound, dead, with his hands folded as in prayer. The boatmen silently and sadly dug his grave, and left his mortal remains in the solitude of the forest on the banks of the stream which now bears the name of Marquette.

"Tis a glorious thing to die,
As dies the Christian, with his armor on."

Care of Canary Birds.

Says a writer on canaries:—"In this way I answer the question of 'how I had such luck with birds.' Simply by allowing the birds to attend to their own affairs, and by letting them understand that their master would never harm them. Also by accustoming them to plenty of light and air and company, rather than, as recommended in books, keep the cage in a dark room for fear of frightening the birds. Make just half the fuss directed in bird books over the matter, and you will have double the success in raising birds. Never give them sugar, but all the red pepper they will eat; it is the best thing for them. And if your bird feels hoarse at any time, put a piece of fat salt pork in the cage, and see how the little fellow will enjoy it, and listen for the result. Give him flax seed once in a while, and if he appears dumpy occasionally give him a diet of bread and water, with red pepper sprinkled in. Open the cage door and give your pets the freedom of the room. Soon they will come at your call, and fly to meet you whenever your voice is heard. I had one who came regularly to my desk as I sat writing each day, and disputed, with fluttering wings and open beak, my humble right to the inkstand. And when I reasoned him out of his mistaken notion he would perch himself on my penholder (no very comfortable proceeding for me), and watch me gravely as I wrote. I have many a time, also, discovered him in the act of eating off the corners of my paper even to the title of my article. Another thought nothing of trotting about on my head and shoulders, and even hopped under my throat to nestle against my chin. He would take his bath as I held the cup in my hand, and coolly dry himself on my head. Another would fly up or down stairs whenever I called him, and many a time when I have been out he has welcomed my return by flying down the stairs, and singing at the top of his voice all the while, until at last, perched on my shoulder, he would accompany me to my room."

It is said that if left a day and a night without food, canaries will make an attempt upon each other's life, and those that are killed will be eaten by the survivors. The professional gentlemen above referred to had a dozen birds in a cage, and while out of town on business five of them were killed in this way, after the water and food were used up. Rape and canary seed is the standard food for canaries.

During the present "corner" in canary seed, the economical will give their pets a mixture of rape and millet seed. A half peck of rape costs seventy-five cents, and an equal quantity of millet thirty-one; this is nearly equal to mixed canary seed, and costs a small fraction over thirteen cents a quart. A half peck of canary seed, costing \$1.25, may be added, making a mixed food equal to what retails for forty cents, and which will cost less than twenty cents a quart.

A woe-female will berate a man for letting her stand up in a horse car, and she will then dance from ten o'clock till two. This shows that dancing is better than standing up.—*New York Herald*.

Wonders of the Microscope.

The other day a Detroit father purchased a microscope for his son, a boy of ten, patted the lad on the shoulder, and said to him:

"My son, take this microscope and go out and study the beauties of nature." The boy left all other amusements for that, and he took such great interest, and improved so rapidly, that at the tea table, to which several visitors sat down with the family, he felt that he must make some remarks. Turning to one of the young ladies he inquired:

"Did you ever look at cheese through a microscope?"

"I don't think I ever did," she pleasantly replied.

"Well, you just ought to see the things crawl!"

"John! John!" exclaimed the father, shaking his head at the boy across the table.

John subsided for a minute or two, and when his mother passed the cheese around, everybody said, "thank you, no." Pretty soon the young student, desiring to mollify his father, asked:

"Father, did you ever look at a toad through a microscope?"

"I will talk with you after supper," replied the parent, seething at the boy.

John was rather disappointed at his failure to arouse enthusiasm, and just as the strawberries were being passed around he remarked:

"Well, you just ought to look at a strawberry once through the microscope! They look just like warts, they do, and you think you see bugs running!"

"Jawn!" said his mother.

"Boy!" warned his father.

"Well; they look wor'n flies' heads!" protested the boy, who imagined that they doubted his veracity, "for flies—"

"Boy—" said the father, making a motion for John to leave the table.

John left, and as soon as it was convenient for him to do so the father escorted the lad to the washroom in the basement, bounced him around and said:

"My son, gimme that microscope, and you take the ax and go out and study the beauties of that woodpile!"

If that boy continues to feel the way he does at present he will become a bank robber instead of a naturalist.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I Wish I Had Capital."

We do not know the author of the following, but he preaches one of the best practical business sermons to young men that we have read this many a day:

"I wish I had capital." So we heard a great strapping young man exclaim the other day in our office.

We did want to tell him a piece of our mind so bad, and we'll just write to him. You want a capital, do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? Haven't you got hands and feet and muscle and bone and brains?

And don't you call them capital? What more did God give to anybody?

"Oh, they are not money," you say.

But they are more than money, and no one can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it is time you were learning. Take hold of the first plough or hoe or jack-plane or broad-ax that you can find and go to work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Ay, there's the rub. You don't want to work; you want money or credit that you may play the gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond. Or you want a plantation and negroes that you may hire an overseer to attend to them, while you run over the country and dissipate; or want to marry some rich girl, who will be foolish enough to marry you for your good looks and that she may support you. Shame on you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you'll soon make interest enough upon it and with it to give you as much money as you want and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money on what capital you have, you couldn't make it if you had a million dollars in money.

If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle and waste and rust out, it would be the same thing with you if you had gold; you would only know how to waste it.

Then don't stand about like a great helpless child, waiting for some one to come in and feed you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, so that you may be sure to do it as Billy Gray did his drumming—well. Yes; what you undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you already have, you will soon have plenty more to manage; but if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any more to manage.

An exchange says that, amid the general reduction of wages in these times, there is one thing whose wages are not in the least reduced, and that is sin.

All that a hard-up man wants is to be let a loan.

Literary Notices.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW—for January will open with an able review of the political situation on the Continent with reference to Turkey and the Herzegovina question, from high authority in Berlin. A criticism upon Dr. Draper's book, the "History of the Conflict between Science and Religion," by Dr. E. A. Washburn, of Calvary church, New York. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the inimitable London art critic, whose criticisms are more popular than, and quite as searching as Ruskin's, will contribute a paper on "Unger's Etchings." Dr. Francis Wharton, a Boston jurist, on "Retrospective Legislation and Grangerism." The late difficulties in Wisconsin and other Western States, between Grangers and Railroad Corporations. "Psychology of Murder" is of particular importance at the present time. Whom shall we hang? Who is a murderer? Are all murderers insane? The difficulty of reaching a just verdict for murder in the first degree, and of analyzing the conditions under which murder is committed, renders the discussion of this question of utmost importance. An article from Franz Von Holtzendorf, the great University Professor of International and Criminal Law of Munich. He is known to be opposed to capital punishment. In addition to these five articles, Professor Proctor promises to discuss exhaustively the History of Astronomical Discoveries from Sir W. Herschel's time to his own, in regard to the Structure of the Universe. This article alone will be of sufficient importance to attract all classes of intelligent readers both in America and Europe. The Review having finished a second volume, enters upon the next with great promise of success. Its foreign book notices and criticisms are of real value. A short paper on Art in Europe in each number is promised by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, and a scientific paper recording international progress of science is expected from Professor Arthur W. Wright, of Yale College. Address "International Review," 111 William street, New York.

St. NICHOLAS—for January is, as might have been expected, an exceptionally beautiful issue of this invariably beautiful magazine. For a single number of a children's periodical, its list of contributors is an unexampled one, for among its stories are: Bayard Taylor's vivid and charming narrative of "Jon of Iceland," Edward Eggleston's characteristic "Hoosier Fairy Story," Louisa M. Alcott's jolly account of "Marjorie's Birthday Gifts," J. T. Trowbridge's capital "Bass Cove Sketch," Susan Coolidge's "Toinette and the Elves," and Abby Morton Diaz's little story of "Getting Up in the World," while its list of poems contains H. H.'s "St. Christopher," Celia Thaxter's "Piccola," and C. P. Cranch's "How Willie Coasted by Moonlight." All but two of these articles are beautifully illustrated; the gorgeous picture of "St. Christopher," a reproduction of Tintoretto's celebrated painting, forming a worthy frontispiece for such a brilliant number.

And as for Christmas—well, figuratively speaking, the good saint gives us a seat in his reindeer-harnessed, overloaded sleigh, and takes us with him on his annual journey. We have "Christmas in the Arctic Regions," celebrating it in the cabin of a vessel that lies, ice-bound, under perpetual moonlight; "Christmas in the Far East," in the august presence of a jeweled Siamese prince; "A Southern Christmas Eve," with flowers instead of snow; in short, Christmas everywhere until this one holiday with St. Nicholas has somewhat lengthened into a merry voyage round the world. The good saint seems, verily, to have outdone himself, if that were possible, and has certainly given the children of the country, in the holiday number of his namesake, the finest Christmas gift that Young America has ever yet received.

Dr. Hall, in his Journal of Health, gives the following advice on the treatment of scalds and burns. He says: On the instant of the accident, plunge under cold water. This relieves the pain in a second, and allows all hands to become composed. If the part cannot be kept under water, cover it with flour an inch deep, or more. In many instances, nothing more will be needed after the flour; simply let it remain until it falls off, when a new skin will be found under it. In severe cases, while the injured part is under water, simmer a leek or two in an earthen vessel with half their bulk of hog's lard, until the leeks are soft, then strain through a muslin rag. When cool spread thickly on a linen cloth, and apply to the injured part. If there are blisters, let out the water. When the part becomes feverish and uncomfortable, renew the ointment and a rapid painless cure will result, if the patient in the meanwhile lives exclusively on fruits, coarse bread and other light, loosening food.

Illness is the greatest prodigality in the world; it throws away that which is invaluable in respect of its present use, and irreparable when it is past.

A slow match—A ten years' engagement.

The teacher of penmanship should do whatever is write.

Bangor has a band composed entirely of Irishmen. It must be worth 'Erin.

Michigan has eighteen persons who are over a hundred years old.

A Schenectady girl ate spelling school sat down on "pantaloon."

Considerably taken down—the boy that was pulled out of a neighbor's apple tree.

"I'll let you off easy at this time" as the horse said when he threw his rider into the mud."

Every donkey that has a cold nowadays flatters himself that he is a little ho(a)use.

To be unkind to others, and yet expect to be treated by them with courtesy and affection, is as selfish as it is absurd.

"He was one of our most energetic trustees," says a village paper in an obituary notice, "and we trustee's happy."

Some men are like pyramids, which are very broad where they touch the ground, but grow narrower as they reach the sky.

Why is a drunkard like a bad politician? Because he is always sticking his nose into measures that spoil the constitution.

It is now positively asserted that Paul Morphy, the famous chess player, is not insane, but is merely suffering from ill health.

An unusual number of people are marrying now. Next year is leap-year, and no woman wants it presumed that she popped the question herself.—*Danbury News*.

"Mount Holyoke Seminary has supplied 115 wives for missionaries." On reading this in her paper Martha Jane rolled up her eyes and exclaimed: "Holy yoke! how appropriate!"

"Joshua," said a Yankee mother to her hopeful at breakfast, "what's an heir apparent?" "There's one on the butter, mother," replied the unflinching monster. And the old lady "lit" upon him with the coffee pot.

It is a remarkable fact that a girl can't ride five miles in a sleigh without becoming so tired that you are obliged to put an arm around her to support her; though on the whole it is a pretty poor man who wouldn't be willing to sacrifice both arms to comfort a suffering female.

The London Builder recommends people who transplant trees to mark the north side of each tree with red chalk before it is taken up, and replace it in its natural position. A larger portion will then live, as in ignoring this law of Nature transplanted trees generally perish.

A lawyer employed a new boy the other day, and when the lad asked for instructions the attorney replied: "Your instructions are to be taken in general. Keep the office clean, borrow coal whenever you can, and under no circumstances must you ever lend my umbrella to a lawyer."

The Rev. Mr. Havens, of Cambridge City, Ind., has resigned his charge. In his farewell sermon he informed his flock that though the place supported ten saloons, three or four gambling houses and as many bagnios, it did not support one minister. It had already starved out three, and he would have been compelled to walk out of town but for the kindness of a young man who gave him 50 cents.

Under the flooring of a house which is being pulled down in the Rue de Jardine, in Paris, for the purpose of extending the Boulevard St. Germain, some workmen recently found a paper parcel containing 100,000 francs in notes. They had doubtless been hidden there during the Reign of Terror. Unfortunately for the finders, who might have claimed half the amount, the sum was in assignats, which are, of course, worthless as a monetary medium, and as curiosities might perhaps fetch a couple of francs.

GWINE FOR TO JINE THE BAND.—The other night a gentleman was greatly disturbed by a dismal howling in the kitchen, which he at first supposed was the sad refrain of some low-spirited tomcat dying with the bronchitis. Tracing up the noise he found that it proceeded from an old woman who was rocking backward and forward in a chair, singing as vociferously as her feeble voice would allow.

"What are you doing, Aunt Peggy?" exclaimed the irate man.

"I'm singing of a hime, honey."

"You are! what 'hime' are you singing?"

"I'm a singing, I'm gwine to jine the band."

"Well, I'd like to know what band you are 'gwine to jine'?"

"Do angel band, honey—de Lord's band!"

"Now you'd make a nice angel, wouldn't you, with the dirt an inch thick on your hide?"

"Neber mind about de dirt, honey," piously ejaculated Aunt Peggy; "neber mind about de dirt—de Lord he got plenty of soap, he has, and runs de river Jordan, he does—neber mind about de dirt—I'm gwine for to jine."

Here Aunt Peggy's tormentor fled, and she was left to exercise her vocal powers at liberty.

A Sacramento lady who sports an artificial tooth left it on the table of the restaurant where she had taken breakfast the other morning, and on returning for it about an hour afterward found it attached as a charm to the foot chain of the waiter.

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HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
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HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

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Timely Notice.

Those who desire to renew their subscriptions to the JOURNAL, a large number of which will expire on or before New Years, will much oblige the publisher by sending in their names, accompanied by the cash, as early as convenient before the expiration of their present subscriptions. This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering their names and mailing back numbers. At many times we fail to have a sufficient quantity of back numbers to send to every delinquent subscriber.

Merry Christmas!

With this number of the JOURNAL we greet our readers with a Merry Christmas. The season which commemorates the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, the Savior of the World, is near at hand. Rolling back the tide of time for eighteen hundred years to when Christ the Lord was born into the world, we find there the greatest event which has ever taken place in all the history of mankind—Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, appearing in the form of humanity, with the majestic power of Divinity, and suffering death like a criminal, in order that whosoever believes on him may have eternal life. Here then is the origin of our Christmas joys. It becomes, therefore, a day to be joyfully commemorated. The custom of presenting tokens of love and esteem to our friends on the 25th of December, is highly suggestive of God's eternal gift of His only Son, to save the world from sin. And while we dispense rare presents among our friends, we should fully recognize the fact that all of our comforts and enjoyments are bestowed upon us by our Heavenly Father who is the first and best friend of all mankind.

To the deaf and dumb the celebration of Christmas should be a doubly joyful event. One century back a deaf-mute in his unenlightened mind, could probably have conceived of no reason why the 25th should be assigned as a holiday in preference to the 24th or any other day of December. But now—thanks to the originators and founders of deaf-mute education—our people may observe this universal holiday with a full appreciation of the meaning of the happiness beaming upon the countenances of speaking people. Now they rejoice with their speaking and hearing friends on the anniversary of the birth of the Savior. With the rich and exalted, who glitter in wealth, it is often the case that the day presents to their worldly vision nothing worthy of serious reflection. To them it frequently proves simply a general fixed time for the exchange of rare and costly presents. How is it with the poor Christian who has but little to give and even less to expect in the form of worldly honor? Does he neglect the observance of this important event for that reason? Most assuredly he does not. Instead of disregarding it, he devoutly thanks his Creator for the events which give character and prominence to this great day of joy and hilarity. The true enjoyment of this holiday then does not depend so much upon how many and costly shall be the articles given or received, as it does in rejoicing and reverential thankfulness towards the great "Giver of every good and perfect gift," both spiritual and temporal. With a great many this year Christmas suppers and presents will be the exception rather than the rule. In these hard times, when there is such a scarcity of money and no work, suffering and starvation are knocking at many a poor man's door. The widows and fatherless will, during our long, cold Northern winter, often feel the pangs of hunger. While those who

fare sumptuously every day, are expending large sums of money for presents to bestow upon their wealthy friends and companions, it is sincerely to be hoped that they will not turn the cold shoulder of indifference towards their poor and famishing fellow beings. It is really not only a duty, but should be a pleasure, to give out of one's abundance something towards providing for the comfort of the worthy poor upon whom fickle fortune is less lavish with her smiles. We venture the assertion that he who gives a sack of flour or draws a load of wood to some destitute deserving family, will partake of his own Christmas collation with a better relish, sleep sweeter and feel a deeper sense of true manhood than his worldly and visionary neighbor who despises his poverty-stricken citizens and invites his aristocratic friends to partake of his expensive feast. It is highly probable that there are among our deaf-mute people those who are struggling hard against adverse circumstances to keep their heads above water. All such friends should be kindly remembered by other deaf-mutes who have a little to expend on charitable objects. An act of kindness is sure to bring a certain reward. Let us who are deprived of part of our faculties, rejoice and be thankful on the occasion of the present Christmas festivities that we are in the enjoyment of so many blessings. Our readers and friends, we most joyously wish you one and all a happy and a merry Christmas.

Hurrah for the Deaf-mute Festival.

Preparations are already actively begun and will in due time be perfected, which will make the above forthcoming affair of the 29th inst., in all respects, satisfactory to its participants. Present indications are sufficiently encouraging for us to assert that the occasion promises to be one of the happiest and most enjoyable of the season for the deaf and dumb. Many eminent deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen and other prominent persons will honor the festival by their attendance.

Rev. Dr. Gallandet is expected to be present on the occasion. Every prospect assures us that this festive occasion will be one of the most important, if not the best ever inaugurated by the deaf-mutes in this village. It will not be sectional in character; deaf-mutes and other friends from any part of the country will be cheerfully welcomed. A general and cordial invitation is extended to all deaf-mutes and other persons. Everything within the power of the managers will be done to entertain our friends. A generous supper will be provided, proper facilities for enjoyment and amusement afforded and no pains will be spared to make this entertainment a certain and decided success in every particular. Then come one, come all to the Mexico Deaf-mute Festival.

DEAF-MUTE SERVICE.—There will be services for the benefit of the deaf-mutes of Northern New York, in Trinity Church, Potsdam, on Thursday, Dec. 30th, at 10:30 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Rev. Dr. Pennell, Archdeacon of the Convocation of Ogdensburg, will be in attendance and act as interpreter. All deaf-mutes are cordially invited to be present.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Itemizer.

A postal from Mr. C. H. Cooper, dated Chicago Dec. 12th, stated that he and wife would leave on the following Wednesday for Milwaukee, Wis., where they would spend a few days, and then proceed to Delevan in the same State. In a week or two they will resume their journey from the latter place to Faribault, Minn. He thinks they may also go from there to Jacksonville, Ill. He adds, send the JOURNAL to Faribault. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper are enjoying their winter journey very much, but among all their friends they do not forget their old friend, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The annual election of officers of the Sunnyside Social Club of Brooklyn, takes place on the 25th of March next.

Louis Voorhes' friends will be glad to hear that he has obtained a situation as copyist in Messrs. F. B. H. K., and A. D. Thurber & Co.'s wholesale and retail grocery, corner of West Broadway, Reade and Hudson streets, N. Y. The writer thinks the above firm is the one that supply the provisions, etc., to the N. Y. Institution.

"Which was the greatest man, Duke of Wellington, or Napoleon I.?" is the question to be discussed this (Thursday) evening by four members of the Manhattan Deaf-mutes Literary Association.

Before your Lungs begin to Fester, stop the cough that may otherwise destroy you, with HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOTSD AND TAR. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

The ladies of Grace Church have won the enviable reputation of getting up first class entertainments, and we think the one to be given to-night will be no exception in respect to excellence. Let all who desire to spend an evening pleasantly, and to have the feeling that in so doing they are helping in a good cause, attend the entertainment at Empire Hall this (Wednesday) evening.

Visit of the Lieutenant-Governor to the Belleville Institution for Deaf-mutes.

We make the following extracts from the Toronto Mail, just received: On the twentieth of October last, his Honor Donald A. Macdonald, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario, visited Belleville for the purpose of inspecting the Deaf and Dumb Institution. His presence in that city was greeted by the enthusiastic people with becoming warm-heartedness. Flags were displayed from public and private buildings, and his Honor was welcomed by an address from the mayor of the city. The following is a copy of the mayor's address:

To the Honorable Donald A. Macdonald, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario:

SIR:—The Council of the Corporation of the Town of Belleville, on behalf of the inhabitants, beg to tender your Honor a warm and hearty welcome on this the occasion of your first visit to our town since your Honor's elevation to the high and responsible position of Lieutenant-Governor of this Province, and we at the same time offer our congratulations to your Honor upon your accession to that dignity, trusting that during your term of office, acting under the guidance of Divine Providence, you may, by good counsel, and aided by a wise system of legislation, succeed in promoting the prosperity and happiness of all classes of her Majesty's subjects who enjoy the advantages of your protection.

It adds much to the pleasure with which we hail your presence amongst us to know that, at the present time, you are engaged in the truly philanthropic occupation of visiting the various institutions which the wise and kind policy of successive Governments of Ontario have established in this Province, for the providing for the care, maintenance, and instruction of those unfortunate classes of persons who require the sympathy and assistance of the community, and we are convinced that it will afford you much gratification to view the complete success of that valuable institution which you visit on this, the fifth anniversary of its being thrown open for the reception of the deaf and dumb.

We beg to assure your Honor of our continued loyal attachment and devotion to the person and Government of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and of our profound respect for those who represent her authority in the Dominion of Canada and the Provinces of which it is composed, and we heartily assure your Honor of our warm and earnest wishes for your personal prosperity and welfare, both during your term of office and after its expiration.

(Signed) W. A. FOSTER, Mayor.

R. NEWBURY, C. M. C.

In reply His Honor asked them to accept his warmest thanks for the address. He could assure them that as Chief Magistrate of the Province of Ontario he received it with a great deal of pleasure indeed, especially as it was presented to him by gentlemen who, many of them no doubt, had been politically opposed to him. As it was known that he had been for many years a very active politician, the presentation clearly showed that the Town Council of Belleville could rise above political feelings. He was grateful that the address had emanated from gentlemen who bowed to the decisions of the respective Governments of the country. This principle of loyalty to the laws was necessary and he believed not undeserved. For instance, take the bar: In no part of the country was opposition found to prevail against the judges who had been appointed. The appointments were made independently of politics and received as such. (Cheers.) The British custom was followed, and British precedent in this respect was the right one. (Cheers.) Who would feel that his suit was not safe in the hands of any judge because of the latter's political predilections? No one. (Hear, hear.) As for him he only regretted that he was not better able to fill the position to which he had been appointed, with greater credit to himself and benefit to the country. But he would endeavor to meet the wishes of the people of his native Province, and to merit their good will. He would know no party (Hear, hear.) And whilst he strictly followed out the British constitution he knew he would have the approbation and support of the people from one end of the Province to the other. (Hear, hear.) He would make it his business to thoroughly understand the public institutions; he would give them his hearty support, and if possible make them more suitable for the objects for which they were established. His Honor then referred in graceful terms to the feeling of loyalty to our Queen and country which animates Canadians. In conclusion he tendered his hearty thanks for the address.

The party then drove to the Deaf-mute Institution. Over the entrance was an arch of evergreens, with the word "Welcome" written in the dumb alphabet. And a right hearty welcome there was too. The female pupils were at the windows shaking their handkerchiefs, the boys were out on the lawn waving their hats, and flags were flying over the buildings. The excellent Principal, Dr. Palmer, was at the door to receive his guests, who passed through a file of deaf-mute firemen, in bright red uniform, all students of the institution. Being conducted into the chapel, the visitors sat on one side and the pupils on the other. The walls of the chapel were decorated with drawings of Scripture scenes; at one end of the room was a device with "We offer our silent welcome," written thereupon. Facing the entrance door was a long black-board, surmounted with the Royal Arms and the motto, "God save the Queen."

Upon everybody being provided with seats, a little girl presented his Honor with a handsome bouquet of flowers. Dr. Palmer then made the following address:

YOUR HONOR,—Fifty years ago to-day this institution was formally opened by his Honor Lieutenant-Governor Howland. He was accompanied by the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, then Premier, and Hon. E. B. Wood, Treasurer, and other distinguished persons representing different sections of the Province. It gives me great pleasure on this our fifth anniversary, in behalf of all connected with the institution, to extend a hearty welcome to you and the members of your Government, and other gentlemen who accompany you; and on behalf of our pupils I will say that while their welcome is silent, it is none the less hearty. I was pleased when I saw that it was your intention to visit the different institutions of the Province, and to personally inform yourself as to their management, etc.; and let me assure you that it is a source of great encouragement to all connected with this and similar institutions to see the official representatives of the Government take not only a general, but a personal interest in the work in which they are engaged.

We regret that your time is so limited that you cannot make a general examination of our classes. However, I will do all in my power in the time placed at my disposal to give you an opportunity of inspecting the several departments of the institution.

In order to give some idea of the mode of imparting instruction to the pupils, several exercises were gone through. Two girls and a boy, who entered the institution on the 1st of September, were called up. On being shown a hat the girls wrote the name correctly upon the blackboard; the boy spelled it "at." A coat was pointed out; the boy spelled the word correctly, but the girls did not. These were illustrations of object teaching. The children were next required to spell different objects upon their fingers. They could not spell "pocket-handkerchief," but were taught to do so before leaving. These pupils could neither read by the fingers nor write when they entered the institute. Several others were called up to show what could be done in teaching them the properties of objects, and the nature of verbs. It was explained that as early as possible they are taken out of the beaten track and are taught to think for themselves, and to express their impressions in writing. Thus: Mr. Langmuir looked at his watch. Dr. Palmer with his fingers told three or four pupils to explain on the blackboard what they saw. One of them wrote, "Mr. Langmuir opened his watch and he looked at it." Another wrote, "Mr. Langmuir looked at his watch, which was gold;" while a third stated that "Mr. Langmuir took a watch out of his pocket, and it was gold." These pupils were in their third year. Several semi-mutes, of whom there are twenty-one, were next examined. One young man, of very intelligent appearance, has been in the institute three years, he having lost his hearing when he was about ten years of age. He could just be understood in words of one or two syllables. The sounds seemed to be thrown out of the chest. Great difficulty is experienced in preventing the total loss of the power of articulation. Three deaf-mutes gave exercises in composition on subjects being given them by the finger alphabet. One boy showed a good knowledge of English and Canadian history. He gained the Governor-General's medal for general proficiency. Upon being desired to do so, Mr. Green, one of the teachers, and himself a deaf-mute, described in sign language the scene of Christ stilling the tempest. The effect was highly realistic, and, as was remarked, strikingly showed the eloquent power of signs when skillfully used. Mr. Watson, another teacher, (not a deaf-mute however) then led the pupils in going through the Lord's Prayer in signs. It is nearly impossible to conceive anything more touching than the act of thus praying by gestures. It will be perceived that deaf-mutes have two languages—that of sign and that of finger alphabet. Of course the former can only be learned to express general ideas. It is an extension of the movements commonly used in elocution, with the addition of arbitrary signs which are easily learned.

His Honor addressed the students, Mr. Watson acting as translator. His Honor expressed the great pleasure he felt in observing their rapid advancement and proficiency. He assured them that he entertained the most kindly feelings towards them, and said he would be glad if they would consider him their protector. He felt their affliction very keenly, but it being by the providence of God they must submit to it. He then stated that a few days ago he had visited the Brantford Blind Asylum, which he found, as he did the present institution, well managed. He felt confident that they would join with him in thanking the Government for establishing the institution. It would be to him at all times not only a pleasure but a duty to make their home as happy as it possibly could be. As soon as he could he would again visit them.

At the conclusion of his Honor's remarks the children clapped their hands, and a little dog joined in the chorus by barking as loudly as he could.

The visitors were then shown all over the buildings by Dr. Palmer and Prof. McGann.

We give the following particulars of this interesting institution. It opened five years ago to-day with seven pupils, which increased to seventy at close of the 1st term; 149 at close of 2nd term; 193 at close of 3rd term; and 210 at close of 4th term; and now, a few weeks after the opening of the 5th term there are 204 pupils, and a large number of applications are on file. His Honor remarked that the institution had fully as many as it could accommodate. These figures show a gradual increase which will in short time necessitate additional accommodation being provided. On the 29th of Jan., 1873, Lieut.-Gov. Howland and a large number of members of the

Legislation visited the institution. His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Dufferin were present on the 6th of September, 1874, and very kindly gave two medals to be competed for annually.

At the present time ten teachers, three of them ladies, are employed. One of the teachers devotes an hour each day to the instruction of a class of semi-mutes in articulation. The success in this department is so gratifying that it is considered advisable to employ another teacher who will give his whole time to the class. Plain and ornamental needlework is taught the girls. There is a drawing master, and some very creditable specimens were shown. In the cabinet and carpenters' shop twenty-five boys are at work, three hours each day; and forty boys give the same time in the shoe shop. Great skill and application are displayed in both departments. Several hundred pairs of shoes, we believe, were turned out last year, and distributed to the public institutions of the Province. The carpenter shop, while yielding no direct revenue, has kept up the necessary repairs and erected several out-buildings, the chief of which is the new gymnasium, 70x26 feet including a bowling alley. Two years ago we had the pleasure of visiting the institution, and we notice a great many improvements since then. There are several additional lavatories, by which arrangement the small pupils are separated from the others. In connection with the institution is a farm of some fifty-eight acres in cultivation, including a two-acre garden. The buildings and farm altogether occupy an area of about eighty-six acres. We might add in addition that the institution is one of the best governed in America. Dr. Palmer, the Principal, is a fine specimen of a Southern gentleman. He is enthusiastic in his profession, kind to his pupils, of a well-cultivated mind, recognizing that order is the first law of nature. All visitors can depend upon a courteous and generous reception. The Principal's efforts are most ably seconded by the assistants.

The largely increased attendance at the second lecture of the course clearly evinced the high estimation in which Dr. Holland is held. Few, if any authors, find to-day a wider circle of readers. None, we are sure, is more deserving. As a rule the conclusion that a man is an entertaining writer, does not follow. In the case of Dr. Holland it certainly does. If he is himself a hobby rider, he is able to ride more than one at a time, and ride them with equal grace and power. Possessed of commanding presence and a voice under perfect control—two requisites of an orator—he impresses his listeners favorably at once. His enunciation is clear and distinct; his gestures apt and graceful; his bearing and demeanor those of the complete gentleman and man of culture. His diction, as always, is varied and pure; his style captivating; his manner of delivery, pleasing.

The theme "specialties" afforded ample room for the best display of his powers. Beginning with the Englishman's first question to a new acquaintance, "What is his hobby?" the speaker briefly traced the rapid growth of literature, art and science within the past few years, and spoke of the impossibility of our mastering every field of inquiry. Every science has progressed with startling rapidity; every department of literature has grown immeasurably. Speculation has overlaid investigation, new theories are constantly propounded until now the man who attempts to follow all, soon finds himself in a maze. From this cause specialties become the effect. No human mind can grasp all, and hence men aim at perfection in some one department. The specialist then becomes a necessity. One science thoroughly learned makes a man valuable to himself and to mankind; half knowledge is no knowledge at all. Among true scholars the specialist is always the leader. We come to regard all our favorites as specialists and ignore their efforts in other directions. Goethe great in science is known only as the poet. Sir Philip Sidney as the courtier. Thackeray and Dickens were both poets, but we know them only as novelists. Coleridge was a theologian; Milton was a statesman, and were our own Emerson less a philosopher he would be known as our greatest poet. Ruskin is a specialist in art; when he writes a treatise on politics the world is amazed.

Referring to specialties in medicine and surgery the speaker said: Go into the Springfield Armory, and you see men at work, not on rifles, but on parts of rifles. Perhaps no one of them can make an entire gun; but each by making a specialty of his department, perfects his skill. The result is the best rifle the world affords. If then, to make a perfect gun requires the best skill of twenty-five men, how utterly impossible is it for one man to thoroughly master the delicate mechanism of the human frame. So, too, there are specialties in the law—the marine, patent, criminal, and real estate lawyers—the advocates. So too are there specialties in education, in the trades and all the callings of life.

Next was traced the effect of specialties upon character—the necessity of manhood as an accompaniment—not allowing our specialties to stifle all other faculties. Rubenstein is as thorough a master of conversation as of the piano; as much at home in the drawing room as at a concert. The speaker then alluded to the effect of specialties if wrongly pursued—a mark is left upon the one who abuses them: if the ink mark is not apparent at a glance, the water lines plainly show when the paper is held in the light. This class of specialists become hobby riders; mind and body are given up solely to one idea; no attention is bestowed upon any other faculty. The man who pleads ably before our highest courts of justice, may break down at the dinner table like a child. The hobby may soon

descend into a rocking horse, which, urged it hard as we may, never stirs from its track.

What, then, are the barriers to be placed between specialties and hobbies? Two—knowledge and culture. Knowledge is built on facts. Culture is built on thoughts. Possession of the one does not imply possession of the other. It was not science but culture which gave us the Hugh Miller whom we reverently love. Not culture but science gave us John Stuart Mill, for whom we may entertain admiration but not affection. A fact is a dead thing. We may bury it: it will never spring up. A thought is vital. We may plant it: it will germinate and bear fruitful growths. Rufus Choate is known as an eminent lawyer, but culture gave him his eminence. A constant study of classics and poetry helped him to develop his specialty. The dead Webster and the living Everett attained their positions by culture. Gladstone, Disraeli, Thiers, Guizot, all are examples of the effect of culture.

The means and modes of culture are the cultivation of the heart, the reasoning faculties, the imagination, the taste. But even these may become selfish pursuits if not grounded on cultivation of the heart. This is the background on which all the others must be painted: the blue sky out of which the others must shine as stars.

In conclusion, Dr. Holland paid a glowing tribute to woman, "the hope of the world." There are, he said, two departments of life, each distinct from the other—"getting a living" and "living." The former is for man, the latter is for woman. "If" said the speaker, "I were to choose a figure by which to illustrate the sexes, I would select a tree growing with the growth of centuries." Man would be the roots, striking deep into the soil, gaining nourishment and sustenance from the earth. Woman would be the leaves, drawing strength and beauty from the sunshine, dew and air of heaven. If the roots decay, the leaves will wither; if the leaves perish, the roots will die. One cannot live without the other, and may a thousand malediction rest on him or her who should try to separate them, and girdle that tree.

The inevitable half hour which the early "lecture-goers" must always spend, was most agreeably occupied in listening to selections played by Mrs. Parker, who again kindly presided at the organ.

HASTINGS.

Thursday, Dec. 16, 1875, was a day long to be remembered in District No. 6, (better known as Carley's Mills), Hastings, for on that day the people of the neighborhood and vicinity assembled to witness the dedication of one of the most beautiful school-houses in this region. The house was literally filled to overflowing; "old men and matrons, young men and maidens, and the brightest little children, coming to look upon a work of which they are justly proud. After the opening services, Hon. Harvey Palmer addressed the audience, many of them his personal friends and neighbors, giving a very interesting account of the early days and inhabitants of the School District. The first school-house was built of logs, and the first teacher therein a man of fine ability and learning, received the magnificent sum of eight dollars per month and boarded himself. The summer teacher, a Miss Price, received for her faithful services, six shillings per week, and she boarded round. The contrast between those days and the present was finely illustrated, and Mr. Palmer's kindly tribute to those

"Friends and neighbors gone before To that unknown and silent shore."

And his earnest advice to the young, who now reap the fruits of their patient toil, were very appropriate to the occasion.

The dedication sermon, by Rev. Amos Wilson, of Scriba, was full of noble thoughts and earnest exhortation. He gave an eloquent account of the building of Solomon's Temple, referring to the attempt made by every people, in all times "to house God," when even the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him. The Church of Christ, as the sanctuary of His children, and the place which He delights to honor, was earnestly upheld, and the mission of the Cross fervently portrayed. Both of these addresses were of special interest from the personal recollections, and associations of the speakers with the people of the district, and I wish we might have them in printed form, as mementoes of this pleasant gathering.

The School Commissioner-elect, Fowler H. Berry, of Amboy, followed with a spirited address, maintaining that the source of national prosperity consists in the wise education of the people, and paying a fine compliment to the women of America, for their co-operation in this great work.

Mr. J. W. Northrop, editor of the Parish Mirror also spoke at some length on the benefits and importance of education, after which Rev. Mr. Munger, of Parish, made the closing prayer.

Everything in connection with the services seemed to pass off pleasantly. The singing was fine; the music, Miss Emily Starr presiding at the organ, was excellent, and every one was delighted with the appearance of the new school house. Let us echo the prayer of the Psalmist:

"Within its walls be peace, Love through its borders found."

And may God bless our old neighbors, the friends of our youth, and this noble work of their hands.

The members of Hastings Grange, No. 339, have elected the following officers for the year 1879: Master, George Rider; Overseer, R. H. Devendorf; Lecturer, Rosa H. Strickland; Steward, Charles Bush; Assistant Steward, N. A. Clute; Chaplain, R. G. Dimon; Treasurer, George Pettit; Secretary, Wm. W. Wadsworth; Gate Keeper, R. H. Avery; Ceres, Mrs. Eunice Rider; Pomona, Mrs. C. L. Wadsworth; Flora, Mrs.

Louisa Avery; Lady Assistant Steward, Mrs. Martha Coon. There is to be a Christmas Tree in school district No. 10, Hastings, Christmas eve., Dec. 24th.

Hastings, Dec. 20th, 1875.

PARISH.

Thursday, Dec. 16, the new school house at Carley's Mills was dedicated to the cause of intellectual, moral and spiritual improvement. Rev. Amos Wilson, of Scriba, F. H. Berry, School Commissioner elect, of Amboy, Hon. Harvey Palmer and Editor Northrop, of this town, took part in the exercises, which were very interesting. This school district was organized in 1825. The first teacher was Rev. J. B. Morford, who resided in the district. He taught at the private residence of Esquire Estabrooks. The first school house was built of logs, and for many years was known as the Estabrooks school house. The people of Carley's Mills feel quite proud of their new house, and well they may. They have taken special pains to locate it and make it pleasant and comfortable. The seats are of the most approved style, the room is large and commodious, the work is done in good style and well finished; they have a nice clock, also a bell, which is soon to be elevated to the belfry. In accomplishing this object, the people of the district have worked together as a unit. Much credit is also due to James David, Esq., their wide awake trustee. The house, furniture and site will cost about \$1,400. The people of this school district, with hardly an exception, are farmers, and if there is anybody who believes that farmers do not care anything about education, they had better visit Carley's Mills, and they will soon be convinced that farmers are the most ardent friends of education. In the views of some, they may be deemed too tardy, but in the end you will see them bringing things around about right. The farmers in all ages have been the truest friends of moral and intellectual progress; they have also been the bulwarks of civil and religious liberty. The scenes of the Revolution will confirm this idea. It is one of the glorious signs of the times that farmers are becoming quite sensitive in regard to their honor and position. Carley's Mills has not only provided a good school, but they have likewise provided a good teacher—Mr. Arthur Hoyt.

Monday evening, Dec. 27th, T. D. Curtis, of Syracuse, will lecture in our place. Subject: "The cause of the hard times; or how monopoly rules and rides the industrial classes." This is certainly an interesting and practical subject. Mr. Curtis is both a writer and an orator. He has edited such papers as the Utica Herald, Syracuse Standard, and Weekly Worker. He is in full sympathy with the industrial classes, and such classes ought to hear him. Every farmer and mechanic should remember the time and be on hand. He will have something good for the Grangers, too.

Parish, Dec. 17, 1875. Meteorology. The mean temperature of the month of November, 1875, was 29.64°. This has been the coldest November, with the exception of 1871 and 1873, during the past 21 years. The average temperature at 7 a. m. was 27°, at 2 p. m., 34°, and at 9 p. m. 28°. The amount of rain and melted snow was 3.6 inches. Snow fell to the depth of nine inches. On the two last days of November a cold wave swept down from the Arctic regions, and we had the coldest weather on my record for the month of November. On Monday, the 29th, a gale set in from the west with falling temperature, and on Tuesday morning, the 30th, it reached the lowest, being 11° below zero, and the highest point it reached through the day was 2° below—mean for the day, 4.25° below zero. The ground is frozen hard, and by every sign winter has closed in upon us with its iron grip.

The mean temperature of the three Autumn months was 42.95°. This has been the coldest Autumn at least since 1853. So Autumn leads us with a soothing hand from the gorgeous realms of Summer to the ice-bound regions of stern Winter, preparing us, step by step, begetting us on our way with sweet offerings and pleasing reminiscences, storing our granaries and inuring us to the cold embrace of the coming season. Though she found us surrounded with beauty and splendor, and leave us bleak and drear, yet was her reign so benign, her touch so gentle, and so tenderly did she accomplish the sad change, that we bid her adieu with sadness, as sighing through the forest her last echoes die away.

E. B. BARTLETT. Palermo, Dec., 1875.

At a meeting held at the Court House in the city of Oswego, on the 14th inst., the following named gentlemen and ladies were elected delegates to attend the State Grange at Auburn, to be held Jan. 11, 1876: Newton Hall, delegate at large, J. H. Lee, delegate, Mrs. J. H. Lee, H. J. Potter, O. A. Snyder, E. D. Chapman. Alternates—F. D. Sampson, E. W. Cole, Sarah Denning, Geo. Deming, Mrs. E. D. Chapman, Mr. Thompson.

On Sunday last we had a sharp reminder of the presence of Jack Frost in our midst. The thermometer, at 10 p. m., being 14° below zero. The churches were thinly attended owing to the intense cold.

New Haven can boast of having two of the heaviest parsons in the country. One weighs 223 lbs. and the other 230, and they are as genial as they are heavy.

New York Notes.

Wednesday, the 17th of November, was a bright and cold, but rather windy day. On this day a fair was held at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes in the city. Your correspondent was out of town, but from what we have heard, we judge that there was a good sale of fancy articles and other things. We understand that the sum netted by this sale was between six and seven hundred dollars. If it is so much, it will be a great help to the Home in more ways than one. A large number of deaf-mutes were at the fair, and among them were Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet and their children.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wells are the happy parents of a fine little daughter. Their many friends will be glad to hear of this, especially those in Texas.

A deaf-mute couple were married lately; the bride is fifty-two years of age and the groom forty-nine. This lady says that she went to South America with a company many years ago when she was a young woman. She has often told her deaf-mute friends that she has been over the Andes Mountains.

Mr. W. G. Harrison, a cooper by trade, has been so disabled that he has been out of work for several weeks past. He is suffering with an inflamed arm; he was recently removed to the Roosevelt Hospital in the city, where, we think, he will receive the best of care and hope he will soon recover the full use of his arm. He has a deaf-mute brother and sister, one in Wisconsin and the other in California.

The holidays are very near at hand and a new year will soon be ushered in. We heartily wish all the readers of the JOURNAL a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The JOURNAL has bravely struggled on over many obstacles until now; at the close of the year we find it a *live* paper, true to its friends and true to itself. A certain distinguished semi-monthly editor says of the JOURNAL that it is the best paper for the deaf and dumb now published. Every well-educated deaf-mute who wants a paper of his or her own should subscribe for the JOURNAL now. Let all contribute to its columns, who have anything of interest to write.

L. A. W.

Clifton, S. I., Dec. 10, 1875.

Notes from Salem, Mass.

On Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 25th, the deaf-mutes of Salem, and quite a number from other places—making a large party—were assembled at the residence of Mr. Philo W. Packard, where a good variety of games had been provided for their entertainment, and also a number of very interesting tableaux—an article for which Mr. Packard is famous, and has every facility for getting up. In the course of the evening, a marriage ceremony was performed, (in sport, of course,) the bride and groom being Miss Lizzie Lake, of Lowell, and Mr. Hardy P. Chapman, of Salem. The marriage service of the Episcopal Church was read by Mr. Packard, dressed in full canonicals. All the persons sustained their parts well. After the ceremony, the usual congratulations were exchanged, and a number of useful articles, mostly kitchen utensils, were presented to the newly married couple. The farce was even carried to the extent of bringing in a baby, and presenting it to the bride as her own. This excited much merriment, but was generally considered as a premature presentation. The enjoyment of the occasion was prolonged until a late hour. In the end, one of the parties confessed that they wished the ceremony had been real. As an engagement exists between Miss Lake and Mr. Chapman, we may hope for a speedy realization of the wish.

Mr. Packard was obliged, two weeks ago, to consult a physician in regard to a trouble in his chest, and has been forbidden to lecture, preach, or otherwise exert himself, and ordered to be very careful. As Mr. Packard has always been very energetic and useful to the deaf-mutes in his vicinity and elsewhere, this enforced idleness will be felt much and Mr. Packard will be missed. We hope that, by due care, the trouble, which has been growing for some time, will be cured, and Mr. Packard be able to resume his useful career.

The Salem Society of Deaf-mutes have a Bible class every Sunday forenoon, which has been under Mr. Packard's charge, and which he thinks he can continue to conduct, as it does not tax him like preaching and lecturing. The attendance is quite large and regular, and the members are interested and ambitious. The society has Sabbath services in the afternoon, conducted by such deaf-mutes as are selected by the members. John A. Tillinghast, a semi-mute of acknowledged ability and much esteemed by all who know him, is expected to conduct the services here on Sunday, Dec. 19th. He has done much platform work among the mutes, and is a ready and fluent speaker; and, although this will be his first Sunday service, there can be no doubt that he will acquit himself, in this, as in other exercises, with credit and benefit to those who attend. Mr. Tillinghast has never been in any institution for the deaf and dumb, as a pupil, and is consequently but little known beyond Boston and the sphere in which he moves at home; but it is safe to say that he will ultimately be known and welcomed in all intelligent circles of our class.

On Friday evening, Dec. 10th, the mutes of Salem, by invitation, went to Beverly, a couple of miles, and spent a pleasant social evening at the house of Mr. S. S. Cross, a fellow-mute. It was an occasion of profit and enjoyment.

CORRECTION.—In the JOURNAL of Dec. 9th, the *Itemizer* gives the residence of Mr. Wm. Bailey as Salem; it should have been *Marblehead*. Otherwise, the paragraph is correct.

RICHARD.

Boston Notes.

The Boston Deaf-mute Library Association have arranged for a course of lectures for the winter. The first lecture of the course was delivered on Wednesday evening, Dec. 1st, by Mr. P. W. Packard, of Salem. His subject was: "Things not worth trying." We have no particulars, but from what we know of Mr. Packard, we doubt not that he treated his subject in an effective manner.

SOLO.

The Central New York Institution.

Nature has been very frugal with her snow this month, giving us only inches where we were wont to have feet. Still we have no sleighing; on the city streets it is tolerable as any owner of a horse and cutter does not hesitate to affirm; out in the country the farmers have spoiled everything with their everlasting lumber wagons.

The uneducated young lady of twenty-three, of whom I spoke some time ago, has come and is getting along well. It is not a pleasant sight to see her laboriously forming her *That is a hat, That is a slate, &c.*, when in the present nature of things she ought to be able to write, read and converse intelligently. Still we are very glad she is with us, and were happy to assure her friends, when they came with anxious inquiries that

Is it too late? Ah, nothing is too late, Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

You have not seen the published proceedings of the Oneida County Board of Supervisors, have you? Early in their session they passed a resolution that all Oneida county pupils in the New York Institution, be transferred to Rome as soon as possible. They have not come yet, will let you know when they do.

A good many things have appeared of late, all going to show the necessity of this Institution. It would be too long a story to detail everything, and some things are much better left unsaid now. In brief, however, the successful establishment of the school, seems to have received a good many "beautiful ideas," strongly expressed in prose and verse in their day, but in time consigned to convenient oblivion, only to be dug up and acted upon by parties other than their originators.

The first painting from our artistic pupils' brush has made its appearance, and is a very creditable specimen. It is a copy of a chromo, brace of dead ducks, and is the work of a boy who, it is safe to say, will have nothing more to do with dead ducks, the jokes and play on the work being a little too much for his equilibrium. He was noticed gazing wistfully on a fine chromo of a donkey, but I guess his next efforts will be spent on a less dangerous joke tempting picture.

We think most of our pupils will go home for Christmas and New Years, assuring a little vacation all around. Mrs. C. P. Johnson has gone home for the holidays; the rest of us stay behind for the present.

C. S. M.

Rome, 13th Dec., 1875.

West Virginia Notes.

ROMNEY, W. Va., Dec. 14th, 1875.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—In response to an invitation of the 13th ult., from the Committees on Finance and on Humane Institutions, of the West Virginia Legislature, twenty of the pupils and four of the teachers together with the principal of the Institution located at this place, left here on Wednesday, the 8th inst., for Wheeling, the present capital of the State, for the purpose of giving an exhibition before the Legislature. Your correspondent accompanied the party. On Thursday evening the exhibition took place at the Opera House in Wheeling, and was attended by all the house could accommodate.

Without taking up the programme in detail, I will give you a short synopsis of the exercises of the deaf and dumb. The five classes of deaf-mutes each sent two representatives.

The first class, under the instruction of Mr. H. Chidester, was represented by Master Harry Marsh, of Wheeling, and Miss Ella Shaw of Berkeley county. Both of these little children acquitted themselves with great credit both to themselves and their instructor.

The second class, under Miss L. M. Kern, was represented by Misses Sallie Osborne, of Wheeling, and Mary J. Stickley, of Hardy county. Miss Kern was present at the exhibition and her class did remarkably well for the time its members had been at school, which, I believe, is a little over one year. Miss K. made various signs, and these little girls turned to the slates and described them with wonderful facility.

The third class, represented by Miss Fannie Orr, of Brooke Co., and Master Samuel Orr, of Braxton Co., was exhibited by the Principal; Mr. Chapin, its instructor, not being present. Mr. Chapin is a graduate of the National Deaf-mute College, at Washington, and his class displayed his worth as an instructor of the deaf and dumb.

The fourth class, represented by Misses Mollie Pickens, of Barbour county, and Susan Fox, of Braxton Co., was exhibited by its instructor, R. G. Ferguson, M. A., who showed the Legislature and the people of Wheeling what can be accomplished by deaf-mutes in four years.

The fifth class, represented by Messrs. George Layton, of Monongalia county, and A. A. Correll, of Greenbrier Co., is under the instruction of O. D. Cooke, M. A., formerly teacher of the High Class in the New York Institution. Mr. C. was not present at the exhibition, but his worth as an instructor of the deaf and dumb, was conclusively shown by the requirements of his class. Master Layton wrote a sensible and elegantly composed address to the Governor and Legislature of the State, and the people of Wheeling, appealing to them to assist

the institution in its noble work. Master Correll drew a map of West Virginia, outlining the fifty-four counties which compose the State and naming each as called upon to do so.

Music by the blind pupils was interspersed through the whole programme, and the pupils in this department of instruction displayed marked progress. Their teacher, Mrs. Wilson, deserves special mention.

In the Literary Department for the Blind, under the charge of Prof. H. H. Johnson, a blind man himself, the pupils proved conclusively to the public that they were under efficient instruction and that they had profited thereby.

The Legislature and the people of Wheeling were well pleased with the exhibition, and wished Mr. Correll to give another, but he felt that it would be taking up time that should be occupied by the pupils in school, and so all returned to the institution on Saturday.

Your correspondent, though aware that he is becoming lengthy, cannot refrain from adding that the institution is in good hands. With such a principal and corps of teachers it cannot but stand in the foremost rank of similar institutions.

We intend to have a Christmas tree and a grand good time on the 25th.

G.

Oregon Institution Notes.

This school is steadily advancing, has twenty-seven pupils, and two or three more are expected to arrive within a short time; and all are doing excellent work.

The bilious fever was very prevalent here last week, but seems to be abating now, as eight or nine have begun to be convalescent. One of them was in a dangerous condition, as life and death hung trembling in the balance, but I am told that she is a little better now.

Mrs. Alice Gray, finding it desirable to remove her family to a private residence, tendered her resignation as matron; and Mrs. Cooper, the aunt of Susie Blair who is visiting here, takes her place. We think she will make an excellent matron.

Rev. P. S. Knight, our worthy principal, has bought for \$1,000 in gold coin, forty acres of land situated about one half mile south of the railroad depot.

A large number of emigrants have arrived here lately and seem well pleased with this great fruit-raising country, and say that the severe winters of the East was the cause of their removing to this more evenly tempered climate.

I have received several letters from my deaf-mute friends in the East, making inquiries concerning the climate and farms in this country. Some of them may be readers of your JOURNAL, and so I will send the following items in relation to the subject, which I hope will satisfy them: Better come to Oregon, if you wish to escape cold weather. We have rain here from November to April, with the exception of February, and consequently mud during that period, and such a thing as a drouth was never known. The climate is warm and agreeable. We will take the rain all the time in preference to being frozen to death. A country, in which overcoats and warm mittens are not needed; where cattle keep fat out doors all through the year, where grass is green and growing all winter, and where there is never a failure in crops, is a good enough country for us. I will send circulars to any person who will send me his address.

GUILLERMO.

Salem, Oregon, Nov. 26th, 1875.

Indiana Notes.

The JOURNAL reached us this time earlier than usual, that is it reached us before Sunday. We always look for it with almost as much anxiety as a letter from a friend made at the conventions. It soon became a petted doll by all and as ragged as a dog's sore ears.

There is a great revival meeting in the city, and hundreds of sinners are being converted daily. Good preachers are quite scarce here. I would suggest that the great preacher, of Georgia, Ind., apply for a situation in one of the leading churches here. A \$6,000 salary is offered to a good man.

Deaf-mute papers have multiplied to such a number that I hardly know how many come. They arrive regularly and as thick as hail, and the reading table looks like carrion surrounded by hungry buzzards. More papers and library books and magazines have been added. Among the deaf-mute papers the JOURNAL is the most popular. It is coming into the favor of both hearing persons and mutes, and I think ere long it will have a large circulation in Indiana.

Christmas is nearly here, and the children are rejoicing over it. On telling a very young class of boys what "Christmas" meant, I was asked by some of very inquisitive minds if it was the same as our birthday, and I answered them in the affirmative.

The other day while a very bright boy, who has always been deaf, was composing sentences with the word "lay" for the element he wrote that whales lay oysters like a hen does an egg. He asked at what time whales laid oysters, to which his teacher replied that he did not know as he was never at sea, and would write to some eastern man for information in regard to the production of oysters.

Will some one tell us how oysters come into existence for that little boy's sake? A CORRESPONDENT.

Indianapolis, Dec. 14, 1875.

—Orlando Greenfield, of Orwell, has been indicted for murder in the first degree, charged with the murder of his wife in October. It is probable that he will be tried at the January Oyer and Terminer at Oswego.

—Religious services are being held in the town of Granby.

Oratorio of Belshazzar's Feast or the Fall of Babylon.

This magnificent Oratorio, will be given in the M. E. Church in this place on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 28th and 29th, under the Directorship of Mr. Lewis Miller. The music is of a very high order, and requires a great amount of study for its proper production. Much time and pains are being given to it with the purpose and expectation of making it the finest musical performance ever given to this community. The public are already greatly indebted to Mr. Miller for several very fine entertainments. He undertakes this with his usual enthusiasm, with Excellence as his motto. This Oratorio promises to excel in beauty and thrilling interest the Oratorio of Esther, so successfully given here last year. It will be represented in Babylonian, Persian and Jewish Costumes. The greater part of the costume has been prepared for this occasion and will be exceedingly beautiful and appropriate. Great pains are being taken with the representations of characters and scenes. The singers are among the very best in the region. The chorus will consist of thirty-five voices. The Mexican Helicon Band will also assist. Various worthy objects have prompted this undertaking: The cultivation of musical taste; the affording of a holiday entertainment of the highest order; and the raising money for the organ fund. We trust that a proper appreciation of these generous promptings will be shown in a large attendance.

We recommend the public to read the portions of Bible History to which this Oratorio pertains. Ancient and profane history informs us, "That which kindled God's wrath against Babylon, was (1st) her cruelty: 'I was willing,' said Jehovah, 'to punish my people like as a father chastiseth his children; and with a design to restore them as soon as they became more faithful, but Babylon and her princes have added such inhuman treatment as my soul abhors.' (2d) *The sacrilegious impiety of her king and her pride.* To the pride of his predecessors, Belshazzar added impiety that was peculiar to himself. Babylon said in her heart, I am the queen of nations. Queen Nitocris is represented in history as good and amiable, though of a heathen nation.

The Jews were conquered and taken away from Palestine by Nebuchadnezzar, in the year 606 B. C., and at the time of the feast had been there about seventy years.

Cyrus, after besieging Babylon for some time, dug immense trenches around the city, and on one night, when a grand feast was in progress at the palace of Belshazzar, turned the waters of the Euphrates therein, and with his army, entered the city by the former channel of the river, and slew Belshazzar. A few years afterwards the city was reduced to ruins. The Jews soon returned to Jerusalem.

The Scribe will read portions of Bible and other history explanatory of the different scenes.

The Oratorio is introduced with a national anthem of the Babylonians. The scenes in the Palace Hall.

SCENE 2d. The queen's apartment. The ladies of the court gaily sing "Brightly Gleaming," followed by a solo by the queen.

SCENE 3d. Jewish places of assembly, with Daniel and the Jews in convocation. This closes with a very impressive tableau.

SCENE 4th. The Fall of Babylon with Daniel and his companions in the watch tower.

SCENE 5th. The feast in the banquet hall of the palace in which appears the mysterious hand writing on the wall. It closes with the vain attempt of the Magi to interpret it.

For musical purposes a variation from historical correctness is allowed in

SCENE 6th. Evening in the Jewish quarters, with Daniel and companions imploring God's help for the interpretation. It is very touching and impressive.

SCENE 7th. Morning in the Jewish place of worship, resounding with a chorus of praise to God for answer to prayer.

SCENE 8th. The interpretation at the banquet hall. The king declares his trouble of spirit, is followed by a double chorus of Jews calling on God, and the Chaldeans calling on Bael. The queen tells the king of Daniel, who is introduced, and gives the interpretation. The king sings "Woe is me," and closes with calling for a continuance of the revels.

SCENE 9th. Night in the camp of Cyrus, about Babylon. An angel, messenger of the Lord, arouses Cyrus and bids him to the destruction of Babylon. His generals called in, are bidden to prepare for the attack. Soldiers enter with the chorus, "Sound, sound the warlike clarion."

SCENE 10th. Within the city. Soldiers in the distance, approaching with the chorus, "Sound, sound the warlike," etc., while the Jewish maidens sing: "Hark! hark! he comes," etc. The inner curtain withdrawn, discloses a thrilling tableau, representing the fulfillment of the hand writing. A solo and chorus of Daniel and the Jews is sung—"Like as a father pitieth," etc. A solo by the queen follows: "Rejoice! O daughter of Zion," etc. The Oratorio closes with a grand chorus, in which the Helicon Band joins, constituting at once the climax and finale of the entertainment.

The doors will open at 7 o'clock and the performance will commence at 7½ p. m. Admission, 35 cts. Children under 12 years, 20 cts.

—A thaw.

—Sleighing gone.

—Yesterday (Tuesday) was the shortest day of the year.

—On Sunday of last week 42 persons united with the M. E. church at Cleveland, on probation, the fruit of a recent revival.

—A thaw.

—Sleighing gone.

—Meetings of great interest have been held at Mount Pleasant under the auspices of the Oswego County Praying Association and the members have now gone to Caughdenoy.

The Game Law.

Summary of the Provisions of the Bill for the Protection of Fish and Game in Oswego County, as passed by the Board of Supervisors.

Sec. 1. No person shall kill or expose for sale or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any woodcock between July 15 and September 1, under a penalty of \$50 for each bird.

Sec. 2. No person, company or corporation shall kill, or sell or expose for sale or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed any partridge between January 1 and October 1, under a penalty of \$25 for each bird.

Sec. 3. No person shall take any ruffed grouse in any other way than by shooting with ordinary fire-arms, under a penalty of \$25 for each bird.

Sec. 4. No person shall catch any speckled or brook trout, except in the main stream of Salmon river for three years from the 1st of April, 1876, under a penalty of \$25.

Sec. 5. No person shall catch any fish in any way except with hook, pole and line or hook, except in Sandy Creek pond, Neatatawanta lake, Oswego and Oneida rivers, under a penalty of \$50 for each offence.

Sec. 6. No person shall catch from any of the waters of Oswego county which have been stocked with fish of any kind, any such fish within three years after the stocking, nor kill nor expose for sale or have in his or her possession any such fish, under a penalty of \$50 for each offence.

Sec. 7. No person shall kill, expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed any quail for three years after the passage of this act, under a penalty of \$25 for each bird.

Sec. 8. Penalties imposed by this act may be recovered with costs by any person in his own name or by a game constable before any Justice of the Peace in and for Oswego county, when the amount recovered does not exceed the jurisdiction of the justice. Such penalties may be recovered in like manner in any court of record in the county, but on recovery by the plaintiff in such case, for a less sum than \$50 the plaintiff shall only be entitled to costs to an amount equal to the amount of such recovery. It shall be the duty of any district attorney in said county to commence action for the recovery of penalties upon receiving proper information. In all actions one half of the penalties recovered to go to the informer or person bringing the action and the other half to the county treasurer for support of the poor.

—Palladium.

The Tramp Nuisance.

The Oswego Times publishes the following table of figures, furnished them by the County Superintendents of the poor, in relation to the number of tramps assisted, and the amounts granted by the overseers of the poor in the several towns during the past year:

	No of Tramps	Am't Relieved	Services of Overseers Granted
Albion,	4	\$43.63	\$ 18.00
Amboy,			
Boylston,			
Constantia,	12	2.40	24
Granby,	10	10.00	1.00
Hannibal,	5	8.25	82
Hastings,	20	22.50	2.25
Mexico,	42	42.68	9.50
New Haven,	9	15.00	4.50
Orwell,	2	1.50	75
Oswego,			
Palermo,			
Parish,	14	25.20	3.75
Redfield,	5	55.94	6.00
Richland,	80	85.62	8.56
Sandy Creek,	170	284.00	28.40
Schroepel,	29	37.50	3.75
Scriba,	2	3.30	33
Volney,	130	110.00	20.00
West Monroe,			
Williamstown,	20	19.50	8.75
City of Oswego,	88	348.00	34.88
Co. Poor House,	11	11.00	

SCRIBNER'S.—If nothing else made the January number of Scribner's a noticeable one, its illustrations would, especially those of the articles on "New York in the Revolution," and "Pictures of the French Renaissance. Mr. Mine's work in the first of these papers deserves high commendation, for he has been painstaking in his search and has availed himself of nothing but the most popular material, all of which is sufficiently fresh. Follows appropriately Horace Scudder's "Cupid and Mars," a story of the siege of Boston. Mr. Burroughs has a good paper on "House-Building," and Clarence Cook resumes his better than good disquisition on "House-Furnishing." Wendell Lamoureux has an interesting description of some of the most typical "Pictures of the French Renaissance," and the first instalment of the series of "Revolutionary Letters" is given. There are several poems all by well-known magazine writers, as Steadman, Stoddard, Boyesen, Mrs. Piatt, H. H. and Celia Thayer. The principal attractions of Scribner's are, however, its leading stories. "Gabriel Conroy" this month recalls the Bret Harte of old time in same details, though the patience and art with which the plot is developed and the scene shifted belong to his post-Californian era. Oily continues the heroine of the story. Edward Everett Hale begins his centennial story, "Philip Nolan's Friends," the scene being laid in the Mississippi Valley. If the promise of the initial chapters is maintained, it will be satisfactory to the readers.

—Christmas next Saturday.

May it be a merry one to all our readers.

—Meetings of great interest have been held at Mount Pleasant under the auspices of the Oswego County Praying Association and the members have now gone to Caughdenoy.

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News of the Week.

The New York Board of Aldermen has voted to make laborers' wages two dollars per day, and to reduce the salaries of higher officeholders.

Thursday, the Canal Investigating Commission, before the commissioners of the canal fund, preferred the charge against Auditor Thayer that he had purchased \$260,000 worth of canal certificates at 10 per cent. discount; the matter was referred back to the investigating commission until it heard the defense the auditor expressed a desire to make.

Addison A. Keyes, of Albany, has been appointed deputy State superintendent of public instruction.

John W. Johnston was re-elected United States senator from Virginia, by the General Assembly, Thursday.

A coal mine explosion occurred at Framiers, Belgium, Thursday; 110 miners were killed.

The President, cabinet, judges of the United States Supreme Court and all the members of Congress arrived in Philadelphia, Friday night, to view the centennial grounds.

Saturday morning the safe in the United States express car on the St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern road, 12 miles from St. Louis, was blown open and robbed of \$20,000 in money and bonds by masked men, who entered the car, threw the messenger into a package box and locked him up.

The congressional centennial excursion party was handsomely entertained in Philadelphia, Saturday.

It is proposed to organize a centennial legion for next year; composed of one company of one hundred men from each of the original States; the Old Guard of New York city will represent this State.

Ex-Governor John C. Brown, of Tennessee, has been appointed president of the Texas Pacific railroad.

Four of the Montreal bread rioters have been sentenced to six months' imprisonment each.

Forty deer hunters from the United States have been fined for shooting game out of season in Prescott and Russell counties, Ontario.

The Emperor of Brazil will sail for New York, March 26.

The Cuban Insurgents on the 10th, burned a town and captured a train loaded with provisions and ammunition.

Of 600 applicants for space at the Centennial, the larger part are art exhibitors.

Thomas W. Ferry, of Michigan, was elected president of the Senate until after January 7, 1876, and until a fresh appointment shall be made.

The custom of printing extra copies of the President's message was discontinued.

The Senate adjourned until January 5, 1876.

In the House the Speaker announced the standing committees, and the House adjourned until January 5, 1876.

The following are chairmen of the various leading committees: Ways and Means, Mr. Morrison, Illinois; Appropriations

A Remark about Marriage.

The wail and woe and struggle to undo marriage bonds in our day comes from this dissonance of more developed and more widely varying natures, and it shows that a large proportion of marriages have been contracted without any advised or rational effort to ascertain whether there was a reasonable foundation for a close and life-long intimacy. It would seem as if the arrangements and customs of modern society did everything that could be done to render such a previous knowledge impossible. Good sense would say that if men and women are to single each other out, and bind themselves by a solemn oath, forsaking all others, to cleave to each other as long as life should last, there ought to be, before taking vows of such gravity, the very best opportunity to become minutely acquainted with each other's dispositions and habits and modes of thought and action. —Mrs. Stowe.

THE WIDOW AND HER PIG.—"Patrick, the widow Maloney told me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is it correct?" "Yes, your honor." "What have you done with it?" "Killed it and ate it, your honor." "Oh, Patrick, Patrick! when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on the judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of—'g'?" "Did you say the pig would be there, your reverence?" "To be sure I did." Well, then, your reverence, I'll say, 'Mrs. Maloney, there's yer pig.'"

"My son," said a bland old gentleman to a little boy, "would you not like to come to Sunday-school to sing, and pray, and hear all about Moses and Aaron, the whale, and the fiery furnace, Joseph's coat of many colors, and put your pennies in the box?" "Se you going to have a Christmas tree?" asked the child. "No," answered the old man; "but we are going to spend the money that would be spent for candles and oranges and candy in sending tracts to little heathen children in—'" "That'll do," answered the rude boy, as he took a sight at the good man: "I don't train with no such Sunday-school as that," and he departed to stone a lost dog.

Postmaster-General Jewell is a humorous as well as an unusually polite official. He wrote as follows, recently, to a woman who had applied for a situation in the Dead Letter Office: "We have only fifty-seven ladies employed in this Department, with the exception of a few translators and experts, and not more than two changes have occurred in that force for the last six months. none of them ever marry, or die, or resign. In fact, the Dead Letter Division is a sort of mausoleum of buried affection—for those who enter its charmed portals seem to lose all the motives and hopes and aspirations which sway and govern the denizens of the outside world. I regret that it is so, but so it is."

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